

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

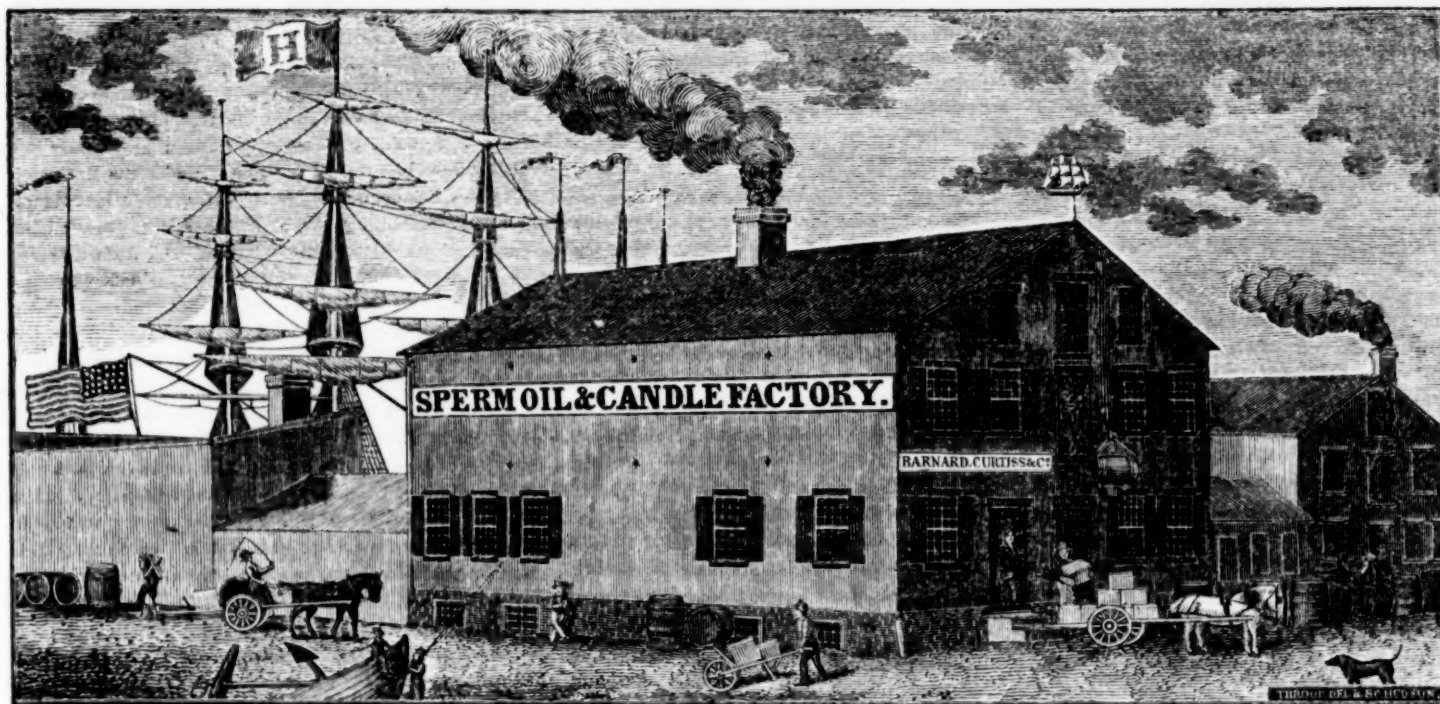
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1841.

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HUDSON OIL WORKS.



THE OIL WORKS.

THE above beautiful view of this extensive establishment, located on Water-street, north of the Rail-Road Depot, is taken from a situation to the south of the building, which is situated in the southern part of our city, and is one of the numerous improvements which have recently been made in that section of the city.

The building seen on the right is connected with the Factory, but the upper part is occupied as a Sail Loft; both buildings front on Water-street. The buildings seen on the left are also connected with the main building, and are used to store the oil received from the ships. In reviewing the plate some of our citizens will perceive that the *characters* on it have been correctly and rather humorously delineated.

About two years ago the former buildings were destroyed by fire, and the proprietors have since erected this tasteful and substantial edifice. It is built of brick, and is a fire-proof building.

The Works are owned and under the immediate charge of Messrs. BARNARD, CURTISS & Co. who have long been known to our citizens as enterprising and indefatigable managers of a part of the Whale Fishing enterprise in this place, which has been conducted here with much success for over ten years past.

The manufacturing of Sperm Oil and Candles is carried on here in as extensive a manner as it is in any other part of the country. The machin-

ery used in the Works is all new, and consequently of the best kind.

One of the Company's ships has recently arrived, having brought home a full cargo of Oil, and the noble crew who embarked with her, have now returned with glad hearts and athletic forms, to meet their friends and kindred, after an absence of about twenty months.

SELECT TALES.

MR. SMITH.

A Supplement to "Mrs. Washington Potts."

BY MISS LESLIE.

THOSE of my readers who recollect the story of Mrs. Washington Potts, may not be sorry to learn that in less than two years after the marriage of Bromley Cheston and Albina, Mrs. Marsden was united to a southern planter of great wealth and respectability, with whom she had become acquainted during a summer excursion to Newport. Mrs. Selbourne (that being her new name) was now, as her letters denoted, completely in her element, presiding over a large establishment, mistress of twelve house-servants, and almost continually engaged in doing the honors of a spacious mansion to a round of company, or in complying with similar invitations from the leading people of a populous neighborhood, or in reciprocating visits with the most fashionable

inhabitants of the nearest city. Her only regret was that Mrs. Washington Potts could not "be there to see." But then, as a set-off, Mrs. Selbourne rejoiced in the happy reflection that a distance of several hundred miles placed a great gulf between herself and Aunt Quimby, from whose Vandal incursions she now felt a delightful sense of security. She was not, however, like most of her compatriots, a warm advocate for the universal diffusion of rail-roads—neither did she assent very cordially to the common remarks about this great invention annihilating both time and space, and bringing "the north and the south, and the east and the west" into the same neighborhood.

Bromley Cheston, having succeeded to a handsome inheritance by the demise of an opulent relative, in addition to his house in Philadelphia purchased as a summer residence that of his mother-in-law on the banks of the Delaware, greatly enlarging and improving it, and adding to its little domain some meadow and woodland; also a beautiful piece of ground which he had converted into a green lawn sloping down towards the river, and bounded on one side by a shady road that led to a convenient landing place.

The happiness of Albina and her husband (who in the regular course of promotion became Captain Cheston) was much increased by the society of Bromley's sister Myrtilla, a beautiful

sprightly and intelligent girl, whom they invited to live with them after the death of her maternal grandmother, an eastern lady, with whom she had resided since the loss of her parents, and who had left her a little fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

Their winters were passed in Philadelphia, where Albina found herself quite at home in a circle far superior to that of Mrs. Washington Potts, who was one of the first to visit Mrs. Cheston on her marriage. This visit was of course received with civility, but returned by merely leaving a card at the door. No notice whatever was taken of Mrs. Potts' second call; neither was she ever invited to the house.

When Cheston was not at sea, little was wanting to complete the perfect felicity of the family. It is true they were not entirely exempt from the occasional annoyances and petty vexations inseparable from even the happiest state of human life—but these were only transient shadows, that on passing away generally served as topics of amusement, and caused them to wonder how trifles, diverting in the recollection, could have really so troubled them at the time of occurrence. Such, for instance, were the frequent visitations of Mrs. Quimby, who told them (after they had enlarged their villa, and bought a carriage and tilbury,) "Really, good people, now that things are all so genteel, and pleasant, and full-handed, I think I shall be apt to favor you with my company the greatest part of every summer. There's no danger of Billy Fairfowl and Mary being jealous. They always let me go and come just as I please; and if I was to stay away ten years I do not believe they'd be the least affronted."

As the old lady had intimated, her visits instead of being "few and far between" were many and close together. It is said you may get used to any thing, and therefore the Chestons did not sell off their property and fly the country on account of Aunt Quimby. Luckily she never brought with her any of the Fairfowl family, her son-in-law having sufficient tact to avoid on principle all visiting intercourse with people who were beyond his sphere; for though certain of being kindly treated by the Chestons themselves, he apprehended that he and his would probably be looked down upon by persons whom they might chance to meet there. Mrs. Quimby, for her part, was totally obtuse to all sense of these distinctions.

One Monday evening, on his return from town, Captain Cheston brought his wife and sister invitations to a projected pic-nic party, among the managers of which were two of his intimate friends. The company was to consist chiefly of ladies and gentlemen from the city. Their design was to assemble on the following Thursday at some pleasant retreat on the banks of the Delaware, and to recreate themselves with an unceremonious *fete champetre*. "I invited them," continued the captain, "to make use of my grounds for the purpose. We can find an excellent place for them in the woods by the river side. Delham and Lonsgrave will be here to-morrow to reconnoitre the capabilities of the place."

The ladies were delighted with the prospect

of the pic-nic party; more especially on finding that most of the company were known to them.

"It will be charming," said Albina, "to have them near us, and to be able to supply them with many conveniences from our own house. You may be assured, dear Bromley, that I shall liberally do my part towards contributing to the pic-nicery. You know that our culinary preparations never go wrong now that I have more experience, good servants, and above all plenty to do with."

"How fortunate," said Myrilla Cheston, "that Mrs. Quimby left us this morning. This last visit has been so long that I think she will scarcely favor us with another in less than two or three weeks. I hope she will not hear that the pic-nic is to be on our place."

"There is no danger"—replied Cheston—"Aunt Quimby cannot possibly know any of the persons concerned in it. And besides, I met her to-day in the street, and she told me that she was going to set out on Wednesday for Baltimore, to visit Billy Fairfowl's sister Mrs. Bagnell: 'Also,' said she, 'it will take me from this time to that to pack my things, as I never before went so far from home, and I dare say I shall stay in Baltimore all the rest of the fall—I don't believe when the Bagnells once have me with them they'll let me come away much this side of winter.'"

"I sincerely hope they will not"—exclaimed Albina—"I am so glad that Nancy Fairfowl has married a Baltimorean. I trust they will make their house so pleasant to Aunt Quimby that she will transfer her favor from us to them. You know she often tells us that Nancy and herself are as like as two peas both in looks and ways; and from her account Johnny Bagnell must be a third pea, exactly resembling both of them."

"And yet"—said Cheston—"people whose minds are of the same calibre do not always assimilate as well as might be supposed. When too nearly alike, and too close to each other, they frequently rub together so as to grate exceedingly."

We will pass over the intervening days by saying that the preparations for the pic-nic party were duly and successfully made: the arrangement of the ground being undertaken by Captain Cheston and Lieutenants Delham and Lonsgrave, and completed with the taste, neatness, and judicious arrangement, which always distinguishes such things when done by officers, whether of army or navy.

The appointed Thursday arrived. It was a lovely day, early in September: the air being of that delightful and exhilarating temperature that converts the mere sense of existence into pleasure. The heats of summer were over, and the sky had assumed its mildest tint of blue. All was calm and cool and lovely, and the country seemed sleeping in luxuriant repose. The grass, refreshed by the August rains, looked green as that of the "emerald isle:" and the forest trees had not yet begun to wear the brilliant colors of autumn, excepting here and there a maple whose foliage was already crimsoned. The orchards were loaded with fruit, glowing in ripeness: and the buckwheat fields, white with blossoms, perfumed the air with their honied fragrance. The

rich flowers of the season were in full bloom. Birds of beautiful plumage still lingered in the woods, and were warbling their farewell notes previous to their return to a more southern latitude. The morning sunbeams danced and glittered on the blue waters of the broad and brimming Delaware, as the mirrored surface reflected its green and fertile banks with their flowery meadows, embowering groves, and modestly elegant villas.

The ground allotted to the party was an open space in the woodlands which ran along an elevated ridge looking directly down on the noble river that from its far-off source in the Catskill mountains, first dividing Pennsylvania from New-York and then from New Jersey, carries its tributary stream the distance of three hundred miles, till it widens into the dim and lonely bay whose last waves are blended with the dark-rolling Atlantic. Old trees of irregular and fantastic forms, leaning far over the water, grew on the extreme edge of this bank; and from its steep and crumbling side protruded their wildly twisted roots, fringed with long fibres that had been washed bare by the tide which daily overflowed the broad strip of gray sand that margined the river. Part of an old fence that had been broken down and carried away by the incursions of a spring freshet, still remained, at intervals, along the verge of the bank; and the ladies had prevailed on Captain Cheston not to repair it, as in its ruinous state it looked far more picturesque than if new and in good order. In clearing this part of the forest many of the largest and finest trees had been left standing, and beneath their shade seats were now dispersed for the company. In another part of the opening, a long table had been set under a sort of marquee, constructed of colors brought from the Navy Yard, and gracefully suspended to the wide-spreading branches of some noble oaks: the stars and stripes of the most brilliant flag in the world blending in picturesque elegance with the green and clustering foliage. At a little distance under a group of trees whose original forms were hidden beneath impervious masses of the forest grape-vine, was placed a side-table for the reception of the provisions as they were unpacked from the baskets; and a clear shady brook which wandered near, rippling over a bed of pebbles on its way down to the river, afforded an unlimited supply of "water clear as diamond spark," and made an excellent refrigerator for the wine bottles.

Most of the company were to go up in the early boat: purposing to return in the evening by the rail-road. Others, who preferred making their own time, were to come in carriages. As soon as the bell of the steamboat gave notice of her approach, Captain Cheston, with his wife and sister, accompanied by Lieutenants Delham and Lonsgrave, went down to the landing-place to receive the first division of the pic-nic party, which was chiefly of young people, all with smiling countenances, and looking as if they anticipated a very pleasant little fete. The Chestons were prepared to say with Seged of Ethiopia, "This day shall be a day of happiness"—but as the last of the gay procession stepped from the landing-board, Aunt Quimby brought up the rear.

"Oh! Bromley"—said Mrs. Cheston, in a low voice to her husband—"there is our most mal-a-propos of aunts—I thought she was a hundred miles off. This is really too bad—what shall we do with her—on this day too, of all days—"

"We can do nothing but endeavor as usual to make the best of her"—replied the captain—"but where did she pick up that common-looking man whom she seems to be hauling along with her?"

Mrs. Quimby now came up, and after the first greeting, Albina and Myrtilla endeavored to withdraw from her the attention of the rest of the company, whom they conducted for the present to the house; but she seized upon the captain, to whom she introduced her companion by the appellation of Mr. Smith. The stranger looked embarrassed, and seemed as if he could scarcely presume to take the offered hand of Captain Cheston, and muttered something about trespassing on hospitality, but Aunt Quimby interrupted him with—"Oh! nonsense now Mr. Smith—where's the use of being so shame-faced, and making apologies for what can't be helped. I dare say my nephew and niece wonder quite as much at seeing *me* here, supposing that I'm safe and sound at Nancy Bagnell's in Baltimore. But are you sure my baggage is all on the barrow—just step back, and see if the big blue band-box is safe, and the little yellow one; I should not wonder if the porter tosses them off or crushes in the lids. All men seem to have a spite at band-boxes."

Mr. Smith meekly obeyed: and Aunt Quimby taking the arm of Cheston, walked with him towards the house.

"Tell me who this gentleman is"—said Captain Cheston. "He cannot belong to any of the Smiths of 'Market, Arch, Race and Vine, Chesnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine.'"

"No"—replied Mrs. Quimby—"nor to the Smiths of the cross-streets neither—nor to those up in the Northern Liberties, nor them down in Southwark. If you mean that he is not a Philadelphia man, you've hit the nail on the head—but that's no reason there shouldn't be Smiths enough all over the world. However, the short and long of it is this—I was to have started for Baltimore yesterday morning, bright and early, with Mr. and Mrs. Neverwait—but the shoemaker had not sent home my over-shoes, and the dyer had not finished my gray Canton crape shawl that he was doing a cinnamon brown, and the milliner disappointed me in new-lining my bonnet: so I could not possibly go, you know, and the Neverwaits went without me. Well—the things *were* brought home last night, which was like coming a day after the fair. But as I was all packed up, I was bent upon going somehow or other, this morning. So I made Billy Fairfowl take me down to the wharf, bag and baggage, to see if he could find any body he knew to take charge of me to Baltimore. And there, as good luck would have it, we met with Mr. Smith, who has been several times in Billy's store, and bought domestics of him, and got acquainted with him; so that Billy finding this poor Mr. Smith was a stranger, and a man that took no airs, and that did not set up for great

things, got very sociable with him, and even invited him to tea. Now, when we met him on the wharf, Mr. Smith was quite a wind-fall for us, and he agreed to escort me to Baltimore, as of course he must when he was asked. So then Billy being in a hurry to go to market for breakfast, (before all the pick of the butter was gone,) just bade me good bye, and left me on the wharf, seeing what good hands I was in. Now poor Mr. Smith being a stranger, and, of course, not so well used to steamboats as our own people, took me into the wrong one; for the New-York and Baltimore boats were laying side by side, and seemed both mixed together, so that it was hard telling which was which, the crowd hiding every thing from us. And after we got on board, I was so busy talking and he a listening, and looking at the people, that we never found out our mistake till we were half-way up the river, instead of being half-way down it. And then I heard the ladies all round talking of a nic or a pic, (or both I believe they called it,) that they said was to be held on Captain Cheston's grounds. So then I pricked up my ears, and found that it was even so; and I told them that Captain Cheston was a near relation of mine, for his wife was own daughter to Mrs. Marsden that was, whose first husband was my sister Nelly's own son; and all about your marrying Albina, and what a handsome place you have, and how Mr. Smith and I had got into the wrong boat, and were getting carried off, being taken up the river instead of down."

"And what did the company say to all this?" inquired Cheston.

"Why I don't exactly remember, but they must have said something; for I know those that were nearest stopped their own talk when I began. And after awhile, I went across to the other side of the boat, where Mr. Smith was leaning over the railing and looking at the foam flying from the wheels (as if it was something new) and I pulled his sleeve and told him we were quite in luck to-day, for we should be at a party without intending it. And he made a sort of humming and hawing about intruding himself (as he called it) without an invitation. But I told him to leave all that to me—I'd engage to pass him through. And he talked something of betaking himself to the nearest hotel after we landed, and waiting for the next boat down the river. However, I would not listen to that; and I made him understand that any how there could be no Baltimore to-day, as it was quite too late to get there by any contrivance at all; and that we could go down with the other company this evening by the rail-road, and take a fresh start to-morrow morning. Still he seemed to hold back, and I told him that as to our going to the party all things had turned up as if it *was* to be, and I should think it a sin to fling such good luck aside when it was just ready to drop into our mouths, and that he might never have another chance of being in such genteel company as long as he lived. This last hint seemed to do the business, for he gave a sort of a pleased smile, and made no more objection. And then I put him in mind that the people that owned the ground were my own niece and nephew, who were always crazy to see me and have me with

them; and I could answer for it they'd be just as glad to see any of my acquaintance—and as to the eatables, I was sure *his* being there would not make a cent's worth of difference, for I was certain there'd be plenty, and oceans of plenty, and I told him only to go and look at the baskets of victuals that were going up in the boat; besides all that, I knew the Chestons would provide well, for they were never backward with any thing."

She now stopped to take breath, and Cheston inquired if her son-in-law knew nothing more of Mr. Smith than from merely seeing him in his store.

"Oh! yes—did not I tell you we had him to tea? You need not mention it to any body—but (if the truth must be told) Mr. Smith is an Englishman. The poor man can't help that, you know: and I'm sure I should never have guessed it, for he neither looks English nor talks English. He is not a bit like that impudent Mr. Montague, who took slices out of Albina's big plum-cake hours before the company came, at that great party she gave for Mrs. Washington Potts."

"Pshaw"—said Cheston.

"Yes—you may well pshaw at it. But after all, for my own part, I must say I enjoyed myself very much that evening. I had a great deal of pleasant talk. I was sorry afterwards that I did not stay down stairs to the last, to see if all the company took French leave like me. If they did, it must have been quite a pretty sight to see them go. By the bye (now I talk of French leave) did you hear that the Washington Pottses have broke all to pieces and gone off to France, to live upon the money that he made over to his wife to keep it from his creditors?"

"But Mr. Smith"—resumed Cheston.

"Why Bromley, what makes you so fidgety! Billy Fairfowl (though I say it that shouldn't say it) is not the man to ask people to tea unless he is sure they are pretty decent sort of folks. So he went first to the British Consul, and inquired about Mr. Smith, and described his look and dress just as he would a runaway 'prentice. And the Consul knew exactly who he meant, and told him he would answer for Mr. Smith's being a man of good character, and perfectly honest and respectable. And that you know is quite as much as need be said of any body. So then we had him to tea, quite in a plain way; but he seemed very easily satisfied, and though there were huckleberries and cucumbers and dough-nuts, he did not eat a thing but bread and butter, and not much of that, and took no sugar in his tea, and only drank two cups. And Billy talked to him the whole evening about our factories, and our coal and iron: and he listened quite attentively, and seemed to understand very well, though he did not say much; and he kept awake all the time, which was very clever of him, and more than Billy is used to. He seems like a good-hearted man, for he saved little Jane from pulling the tea-waiter down upon her head as she was coming out from under the table; and he ran and picked up Johnny when he fell over the rockers of the big chair, and wiped the blood off his nose with his own clean handkerchief. I dare say he's a good soul; but he is very humble-minded, and seems so afraid of saying wrong

that he hardly says any thing. Here he comes, trudging along beside the porter; and I see he has got all the baggage safe, even the brown paper parcel and the calico bag. That's his own trunk under all the rest."

Mr. Smith now came up, and inquired of Captain Cheston for the nearest inn, that he might remain there till a boat passed down for Philadelphia. "Why Mr. Smith"—interrupted Aunt Quimby—"where's the sense of being so backward. We ought to be thankful for our good luck in getting here on the very day of the pic-nic, even though we *did* come by mistake. And now you *are* here, it's all nonsense for you to run away and go and mope by yourself at a country tavern. I suppose you are afraid you're not welcome. But I'll answer for you as well as myself."

Civility to the stranger required that Captain Cheston should second Mrs. Quimby; and he did so in terms so polite that Mr. Smith was induced with much diffidence to remain.

"Poor man"—said Aunt Quimby, in a low voice to the Captain—"between ourselves it's plain enough that he is not much used to being among great people, and he's afraid of feeling like a fish out of water. He must have a very poor opinion of himself, for even at Billy Fair-fowl's he did not seem quite at home; though we all tried to encourage him, and I told him myself as soon as we sat down to the tea-table, to make just as free as if he was in his own house."

Arrived at the mansion of the Chestons, Mrs. Quimby at first objected to changing her dress, which was a very rusty black silk, with a bonnet to match; declaring that she was sure nothing was expected of people who were on their travels, and that she saw no use in taking the trouble to unpack her baggage. She was, however, overruled by the representations of Albina, who offered to both unpack and re-pack for her. Accordingly she equipped herself in what she called her second-best suit. The gown was a thick rustling silk of a very reddish brown, with a new inside kerchief of blue-tinted book muslin that had never been washed. Over her shoulders she pinned her canton-erape shawl, whose brown tinge was entirely at variance with the shade of her gown. On her head was a stiff hard cap trimmed with satin ribbon of a still different brown color, the ends of the bows sticking out horizontally and scalloped into numerous points. She would not wear her best bonnet lest it should be injured; and fortunately her worst was so small that she found if she put it on it would crush her second-best cap. She carried in one hand a stiff-starched handkerchief of imitation-embrie, which she considered too good to unfold; and with the other she held over her head a faded green parasol.

Thus equipped, the old lady set out with Captain and Mrs. Cheston for the scene of the pic-nic; the rest of the party being a little in advance of them. They saw Mr. Smith strolling about the lawn, and Mrs. Quimby called to him to come and give his arm to her niece, saying, "There Albina, take him under your wing, and try to make him sociable, while I walk on with your husband. Bromley how well you look in your navy-regimentals. I declare I'm more and

more in luck. It is not everybody that can have an officer always ready and willing to squire them." And the old lady, (like many young ladies) unconsciously put on a different face and a different walk while escorted by a gentleman in uniform.

"Bromley"—continued Aunt Quimby—"I heard some of the pic-nic ladies in the boat saying that those which are to ride up are to bring a lion with them. This made me open my eyes, and put me all in quiver; so I could not help speaking out, and saying—I should make a real right down objection to his being let loose among the company, even if he was ever so tame. Then they laughed, and one of them said that a lion meant a great man; and asked me if I had never heard the term before. I answered that may be I had, but it must have slipped my memory; and that I thought it a great shame to speak of Christian people as if they were wild beasts."

"And who is this great man"—inquired Cheston.

"Oh! he's a foreigner from beyond sea, and he is coming with some of the ladies in their own carriage—Baron Somebody—"

"Baron Von Klingenberg"—said Cheston—"I have heard of him."

"That's the very name. It seems he is just come from Germany, and has taken rooms at one of the tip-top hotels, where he has a table all to himself. I wonder how any man can bear to eat his victuals sitting up all alone, with not a soul to speak a word with. I think I should die if I had no body to talk to. Well—they said that this Baron is a person of very high *tone*, which I suppose means that he has a very loud voice—and from what I could gather, it's fashionable for the young ladies to fall in love with him, and they think it an honor to get a bow from him in Chesnut-street, and they take him all about with them. And they say he has in his own country a castle that stands on banks of rind, which seems a strange foundation. Dear me—now we've got to the pic-nic place—how gay and pretty every thing looks, and what heaps of victuals there must be in all those baskets, and oceans of drinkables in all those bottles and demijohns. Mercy on me—I pity the dish-washers—when will they get through all the dirty plates! And I declare! how beautiful the flags look! fixed up over the table just like bed-curtains—I am glad you have plenty of chairs here, beside the benches. And only see! if there ain't cakes and lemonade coming round."

The old lady took her seat under one of the large trees, and entered unhesitatingly into whatever conversation was within her hearing; frequently calling away the Chestons to ask them questions or address to them remarks. The company generally divided into groups; some sat, some walked, some talked; and some, retreating further into the woods, amused themselves and each other with singing, or playing forfeits. There was, as is usual in Philadelphia assemblages, a very large proportion of handsome young ladies; and all were dressed in that consistent, tasteful, and decorous manner which distinguishes the fair damsels of the city of Penn.

In a short time Mrs. Quimby missed her pro-

tegee, and looking round for him, she exclaimed—"Oh! if there is not Mr. Smith sitting on a rail just back of me all the time. Do come down off the fence, Mr. Smith. You'll find a much pleasanter seat on this low stump behind me, than to stay perched up there. Myrtilla Cheston, my dear, come here—I want to speak to you."

Miss Cheston had the amiability to approach promptly and cheerfully: though called away from an animated conversation with two officers of the navy, two of the army, and three young lawyers, who had all formed a semi-circle round four of the most attractive belles: herself being the cynosure.

"Myrtilla," said Aunt Quimby, in rather a low voice, "do take some account of this poor forlorn man that's sitting behind me. He's so very backward, and thinks himself such a mere nobody, that I dare say he feels bad enough at being here without an invitation, and all among strangers too—though I've told him over and over that he need not have the least fear of being unwelcome. There now—there's a good girl—go and spirit him up a little. You know you are at home here on your brother's own ground."

"I scarcely know how to talk to an Englishman," replied Myrtilla, in a very low voice.

"Why, can't you ask him if he ever in his life saw so wide a river, and if he ever in his life saw such big trees, and if he don't think our sun a great deal brighter than his, and if he ever smelt buckwheat before?"

Myrtilla turned towards Mr. Smith, (and perceiving from his ill-suppressed smile that he had heard Mrs. Quimby's instructions) like Olivia in the play, she humored the jest by literally following them, making a curtesy to the gentleman, and saying—"Mr. Smith, did you ever in your life see so wide a river—did you ever in your life see such big trees; don't you think our sun a great deal brighter than yours—and did you ever smell buckwheat before?"

"I have not had the happiness," replied Mr. Smith, with a simpering laugh, as he rose from the old stump and, forgetting that it was not a chair, tried to hand it to Myrtilla. She bowed in acknowledgement, placed herself on the seat—and for awhile endeavored to entertain Mr. Smith, as he stood leaning (not picturesquely) against a portion of the broken fence.

In the meantime Mrs. Quimby continued to call on the attention of those around her. To some the old lady was a source of amusement, to others of disgust and annoyance. By this time they all understood who she was, and how she happened to be there. Fixing her eyes on a very dignified and fashionable looking young lady, whom she had heard addressed as Miss Lybrand, and who with several others were sitting nearly opposite: "Pray, Miss," said Aunt Quimby, "was your grand-father's name Moses?"

"It was," replied the young lady.

"Oh! then you must be a grand-daughter of old Moses Lybrand, who kept a livery stable up in Race street: and his son Aaron always used to drive the best carriage, after the old man was past doing it himself. Is your father's name Aaron?"

"No, madam," said Miss Lybrand, looking very red "my father's name is Richard."

"Richard?—he must have been one of the second wife's children. Oh! I remember seeing him about when he was a little boy. He had a curly head, and on week days generally wore a grey jacket and corduroy trousers; but he had a nice bottle-green suit for Sunday. Yes, yes—they went to our church, and sat up in the gallery. And he was your father, was he? Then Aaron must have been your own uncle. He was a very careful driver for a young man. He learnt of his father. I remember just after we were first married, Mr. Quimby hiring Moses Lybrand's best carriage to take me and my bridesmaids and groomsmen on a trip to Germantown. It was a yellow coach with red curtains, and held us all very well with close packing. In those days people like us took their wedding rides to Germantown and Frankford and Derby, and ordered a dinner at a tavern with custards and whips, and came home in the evening. And the high-flyers, when they got married, went as far as Chester or Dunks' Ferry. They did not then start off from the church door and scour the roads all the way to Niagara just because they were brides and grooms, as if that was any reason for flying their homes directly. But pray what has become of your uncle Aaron?"

"I do not know," said the young lady, looking much displeased; "I never heard of him."

"But did not you not tell me your Grandfather's name was Moses?"

"There may have been other Moses Lybrands."

"Was not he a short, pock-marked man, that walked a little lame, with something of a cast in his right eye: or, I won't be positive, may be it was in the left?"

"I am very sure papa's father was no such looking person," replied Miss Lybrand; "but I never saw him—he died before I was born—"

"Poor old man," replied Mrs. Quimby; "if I remember right he became childish many years before his death."

Miss Lybrand then rose hastily, and proposed to her immediate companions a walk further into the woods; and Myrtilla, leaving the vicinity of Mr. Smith, came forward and joined them: her friends making a private signal to her not to invite the aforesaid gentleman to accompany them.

Aunt Quimby saw them depart, and looking round said—"Why, Mr. Smith, have the girls given you the slip? But to be sure, they meant you to follow them."

Mr. Smith signified that he had not courage to do so without an invitation, and that he feared he had already been tiring Miss Cheston.

"Pho, pho," said Mrs. Quimby, "you are quite too humble. Pluck up a little spirit and run after the girls."

"I believe," replied he, "I cannot take such a liberty."

"Then I'll call Captain Cheston to introduce you to some more gentlemen. Here—Bromley—"

"No—no," said Mr. Smith, stopping her apprehensively; "I would rather not intrude any further upon his kindness."

"I declare you are the shame-facedest man I ever saw in my life. Well then, you can walk about, and look at the trees and bushes. There's

a fine large buttonwood, and there's a sassafras; or you can go to the edge of the bank and look at the river, and watch how the tide goes down and leaves the splatter-docks standing in the mud. See how thick they are at low water—I wonder if you couldn't count them. And may be you'll see a wood-shallop pass along, or may be a coal-barge. And who knows but a sturgeon may jump out of water, and turn head over heels and back again—it's quite a handsome sight."

Good Mr. Smith did as he was bidden, and walked about and looked at things, and probably counted the splatter-docks and perhaps saw a fish jump.

"It's all bashfulness—nothing in the world but bashfulness," pursued Mrs. Quimby; "that's the only reason Mr. Smith don't talk."

"For my part," said a very elegant looking girl, "I am perfectly willing to impute the taciturnity of Mr. Smith and that of all other silent people to modesty. But yet I must say, that as far as I have had opportunities of observing, most men above the age of twenty have sufficient courage to talk, if they know what to say. When the head is well furnished with ideas, the tongue cannot habitually refrain from giving them utterance."

"That's a very good observation," said Mrs. Quimby, "and suits me exactly. But as to Mr. Smith, I do believe it's all bashfulness with him. Between ourselves, (though the British consul warrants him respectable,) I doubt whether he was ever in such genteel society before; and may be he thinks it his duty to listen and not to talk, poor man. But then he ought to know that in our country he need not be afraid of nobody; and that here all people are equal, and one is as good as another."

"Not exactly," said the young lady; "we have in America, as in Europe, numerous gradations of mind, manners, and character. Politically we are equal, as far as regards the rights of citizens and the protection of the laws; and also we have no privileged orders. But individually it is difficult for the refined and the vulgar, the learned and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vicious to associate familiarly and indiscriminately, even in a republic."

The old lady looked mystified for a few moments, and then proceeded—"As you say, people's different. We can't be hail fellow well met with Tom, Dick, and Harry—but for my part I think myself as good as any body."

No one contradicted this opinion, and just then a gentleman came up and said to the young lady: "Miss Atwood, allow me to present you with a sprig of the last wild roses of the season. I found a few still lingering on a bush in the shady lane just above."

"I bid their blossoms in my bonnet wave," said Miss Atwood; inserting them amid one of the ribbon bows.

"Atwood—Atwood," said Aunt Quimby, "I know the name very well. Is not your father Charles Atwood who used to keep a large wholesale store in Front-street?"

"I have the happiness of being that gentleman's daughter," replied the young lady.

"And you live up Chesnut-street now don't you?—among the fashionables—"

"My father's house is up Chesnut-street."

"Your mother was a Ross, wasn't she—"

"Her maiden name was Ross."

"I thought so," proceeded Mrs. Quimby; "I remember your father very well. He was son of Tommy Atwood, who kept an ironmonger's shop down Second-street, by the New Market. Your grandfather was a very obliging man, rather fat. I have often been in his store, when we lived down that way. I remember once of buying a waffle-iron of him, and when I tried it and found it did not make a pretty pattern on the waffles, I took it back to him to change it: but having no other pattern, he returned me the money as soon as I asked him. And another time, he had the kitchen tongs mended for me without charging a cent, when I put him in mind that I had bought them there; which was certainly very genteel of him. And no wonder he made a fortune; as all people do who are obliging to their customers, and properly thankful to them. Your grandfather had a brother, Jemmy Atwood, who kept a china-shop up Third-street. He was your great uncle, and he married Sally Dickison, whose father, old Adam Dickison, was in the shoe-making line, and died rich. I have heard Mr. Quimby tell all about them. He knew all the family quite well, and he once had a sort of notion of Sally Dickison himself, before he got acquainted with me. Old Adam Dickison was a very good man, but he and his wife were rather too fond of family names. He called one of his daughters Sarah after his mother, and another Sarah after his wife; for he said 'there couldn't be too many Sally Dickisons.' But they found afterwards they could not get along without tacking Ann to one of the Sarahs, and Jane to the other. Then they had a little girl whom they called Debby, after some aunt Deborah. But little Debby died, and next they had a boy; yet rather than the name should be lost, they christened him Debbins. I wish I could remember whether Debbins was called after the little Debby or the big one. Sometimes I think it was one and sometimes 'other. I dare say, Miss Atwood, you can tell, as you belong to the family."

"I am glad that I can set this question at rest," replied Miss Atwood, smiling heroically; "I have heard the circumstance mentioned when my father has spoken of his great-uncle Jemmy the chinaman, and of the shoemaker's family into which uncle Jemmy married, and in which were the two Sallys. Debbins was called equally after his sister and his aunt."

Then turning to the very handsome and *distingue*-looking young man who had brought her the flowers, and who had seemed much amused at the foregoing dialogue, Miss Atwood took his hand, and said to Aunt Quimby—"Let me present to you a grandson of that very Debbins, Mr. Edward Symmington, my sort of cousin; and son of Mr. Symmington, the lawyer, who chanced to marry Debbins' daughter."

Young Symmington laughed, and after telling Miss Atwood that she did every thing with a good grace, he proposed that they should join some of their friends, who were amusing themselves further up in the woods. Miss Atwood took his arm, and bowing to Mrs. Quimby, they departed.

"That's a very pleasant young lady," said she; "I am glad I've got acquainted with her; she's very much like her grandfather the iron-monger—her nose is the very image of old Benny's."

Fearing that *their* turn might come next, all the young people now dispersed from Aunt Quimby's vicinity, who, accosting a housewifely lady that had volunteered to superintend the arrangements of the table, proposed going with her to see the baskets unpacked.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository

MATANZAS.

"LAND ho—land ahead!" was shouted by the lookout from the masthead, and the joyful intelligence was passed from mouth to mouth on deck, as the Captain seated on a locker in the cabin, near my berth (from which I had not yet arisen,) was pointing out to me our situation on the chart. The Captain was immediately on deck, and I, but half dressed, soon followed him. It was a beautiful morning, the sun had just arisen, as it were from his ocean bed, a fair breeze was gently wafting us onward over a smooth sea, and the sea birds, those sure harbingers to the sailor of land, were flying about our vessel—now soaring far above us—anon plunging into the waves, as if in playfulness, then with a scream of joy, soaring away again—one moment lost in the distance ahead, the next, leaving in our wake far astern. The sea had lost its deep tint of green, and now appeared of a greyish cast; while its surface was covered with tangled masses of floating sea-grass; all which were signs of our approach to land. None but the practised eye of the seaman could discover the indications. As for the land, my inexperienced eye could detect nothing but the clear horizon, that for days and weeks had surrounded us. And it was only when the captain handed me the telescope, that I could discern an indistinct line of apparent clouds hanging upon the horizon far ahead, which proved the coast of Cuba. The "*Pan of Matanzas*," a bold headland, being the first land that is made, as you approach the coast from the north. Next the "*Pappos of Camrioca*" are dimly seen through the mist that covers them. These last, are the highest of a chain of mountains which run through the island, from east to west.

It was afternoon when we dropped anchor in the harbor of Matanzas, and received the lynx-eyed officials of the custom house. Owing to some technical blunder in my passport, I was politely informed, that under the existing state of things, I could not be permitted to go on shore. As may be supposed, this piece of intelligence was not received with the best grace in the world, after being confined to the limits of a ship for more than four weeks—for that was the period that had elapsed since we left New-York. Still obliged to inhale the fragrance of tarred ropes, and the no less agreeable odors streaming from the "*Doctor's*" *caboose*, still to be haunted by "salt junk," and sea bread, hard as a brickbat

and as tasteless; to remain in the cabin, to be sweltered to death, or go upon deck to be roasted alive by the heat of a tropical sun. As for walking the deck, that was a thing absolutely impracticable; for if attempted, I found my feet fast glued to the planks, by the tar and pitch, which the extreme heat of the sun had caused to exude from them; and it was with feelings of envy, I saw the captain depart in the pratique boat for the shore.

I, however, gave him my letters to the American Consul, with a request to the latter, that he would obtain for me a release from "*durance vile*," which on the evening of the next day was done; the captain bringing me a "*permit*" to land, which the Consul had obtained for me from the Governor of the town. My baggage was quickly brought on deck and lowered into the yawl, and I was not long in following it, and soon found myself once more on terra firma. My baggage was sent to the custom house, to be overhauled by the greedy officials, with the hope of lighting upon contraband or smuggled goods; and in the mean time, I entered a cafe near the mole, to make enquiries for a boarding house, (for the hotels here are similar to the private boarding houses in New-York) which had been recommended to me.

While confined on board ship I had ample time to take a good survey of the surrounding scenery. The harbor of Matanzas is very large and commodious, and at this time was nearly full of shipping. I noticed a good portion were Portland lumbermen; some discharging their cargoes into lighters along side, while others were taking in theirs, consisting of sugar, coffee, molasses, &c. the staples of the island, which they had received in exchange for their lumber.

The harbor of Matanzas is one of the best in the island, but not *the* best; as that of Havana is probably unsurpassed by any other in the world. Two small rivers, the San Juan on the east, and the Yumore on the west, navigable for a short distance by small craft, empty into the harbor. Matanzas proper, or the oldest portion of the town, is situated between these rivers. That portion on the east of the San Juan, is called *Pueblo Nuevo*, (New Town) while that west of the Yumore is *Varsallia*; but all under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Matanzas. The whole population, I believe, is about 10,000 or 12,000.

Upon going on shore, I was agreeably disappointed as to the appearance of the town, which seen from the shipping, presents a very mean aspect; a small portion of it only being seen; having the appearance, when viewed from the point where our vessel lay, of a village of mud cabins. The only buildings which attract the eye of a stranger is the custom house, its front and arched portico of yellow stucco being distinctly seen, as it stands on an eminence near the water. The light bridge, too, thrown over the San Juan is seen on the left.

The flat roofed, one storied houses, with their grated, unglazed windows, reaching from the roof to the ground, according to the old style of Spanish, or rather Moorish architecture, carried me in imagination, far back to the days of ancient Castilian chivalry. The dark fine features

of the Spaniards, each armed with a long sword, almost dragging on the ground, and heavy spurs, fitting loosely on the heel, and rattling on the pavement at every step, served to keep up the fancy. Every thing here, presents novelty to the foreigner. Climates, manners, habits, fashions, tastes, complexions—every thing in fact is new and peculiar.

The streets are narrow and unpaved, with the exception of a narrow sidewalk, extending about two feet from the wall of the buildings. They are laid out at right angles, and a large square, called the *Plaza de arma*, ornaments the centre of the town. This is a great place of resort for the citizens, and on the fine moonlight evenings of the dry season it is crowded with the youth and beauty of Matanzas; and three evenings of the week, they are here treated with music by the band from the Barracks. Posts connected by iron chains surround the Plaza, which is amply provided with marble slabs for seats, and shaded by a beautiful grove of orange, pomegranate, and other tropical trees, while a great variety of flowers make the air delicious with their fragrance. In the centre of this square is a statue of one of the Ferdinands. There is one other smaller square, upon which stands the great cathedral. Ornament in building seems not so much to be studied here, as durability and a strict adherence to the old customs of their ancestors. Most of the dwelling houses are flat roofed and low; some of them, however are of two stories, with a balcony in front, entered by an upper window. Horses and a carriage, called a *rolante*, a heavy two-wheeled vehicle, resembling more than anything else the old fashioned English chaise, are kept in the same house and on the same floor with the family. All kind of labor is performed by slaves; the Spaniards considering it extremely derogatory to their dignity to be employed in any kind of manual occupation. Their best mechanics are foreigners, who easily acquire fortunes; and it is not unfrequently the case, that some of the richest planters on the island, are foreigners, who came to the country poor mechanics.

There are many traits in the Spanish character which I admire. They are generous and hospitable, and though they are bitter and unforgiving in their enmity, they are warm and enduring friends; and never become enemies without sufficient cause. They have a keen sense of honor; and sooner than permit that to be compromised, they will part with life. I am speaking now of that portion which constitutes the better class.

The lowest class, that portion of society made up of mule drivers and common sailors, are very devils, and will stab a man in the dark with as much gusto as they swallow their garlic soup. They are the most arrant cowards on earth, unless their case is desperate, when they will fight like very demons. No enterprise is too villainous for them to embark in; and now that piracy has been put a stop to, they find a congenial employment in the African slave trade, which notwithstanding it is in direct opposition to the laws of Spain, is here carried on extensively and openly; the authorities winking at it, in consideration of a bonus. WANDERER.

MISCELLANY.

THE SEDUCED DAUGHTER.

A FRAGMENT.

"I HAVE lost my lamb," exclaimed the farmer, as he sat weeping on the stone.

"And was it all thou hadst?"

"Alas!" answered he, "my flocks whiten the distant hills—but I shall no more lead them to the uplands in the winter, nor drive them to the vale in the summer. They will see their master no more.—Another's voice must call them to their pastures, and other hands must make their fold in the evening—for I have lost my lamb, and my strength fails me.

"Gentle stranger, if I breathe my last in your presence, suffer not my flesh to feed the raven—but let the turf cover me—and may heaven in its mercy, shield the heart of my poor devoted child from knowing that her misfortune and disgrace has broken the heart of her father.

"It is, then, a daughter thou hast lost—it is a darling child whom thou seekest—alas!"

"Alas indeed!" said the farmer, "the flower of the valley was not half so fair—nor the honey-suckle so sweet—nor the dove more innocent than Matilda—nor," continued he, elevating his voice, "the wolf more savage than the monster who bore her away from me. But he is rich—these plains call him master—and I have nought but curses to help me. My son died as he was fighting for his country—or the spoiler of innocence should have felt the vigor of his arm. He should have revenged a sister's wrongs; but I am weak, and can only call on heaven for revenge. To its eternal justice I resign my cause; and if these should be my last words—" And they were indeed, for his venerable form sunk down on the stone—and I called the villagers to bear the corpse to the cottage.

LADIES—THINK OF THIS.

"VILE men owe much of their vileness to women of character who hardly ever scruple to receive them into their society if the men be rich, talented and fashionable, even though they have been guilty of ever so much baseness to other women."

Who said that? It is "true as a book"—and truer than a great many books which are written in these days, and that do not contain half so much value as is embraced in the foregoing paragraph. It is astonishing to us that ladies, both married and unmarried, who appear to value their characters and who certainly move with much *ton* in society, will receive into their parties and caress—nay, will not hesitate to be seen in public places, arm in arm with men whose characters are pretty well understood to be bad in the worst sense that should be odious and abominable to a pure female mind. We have ever seen the society of such people honored and preferred over men of exemplary characters, merely because the latter could not be called rich or fashionable. Such an error as this in the female sex is a positive injury to the cause of sound morals. Ladies need not wonder at the iniquity there is in the other sex, as long as they do not make guilt a disqualifying circumstance against them. They

should scorn even the approach of such wretches—for wretches they are, though high in office and as rich as Croesus—and repel their presence as an affront and insult to their sex. Let them do this, and the guilty would soon fall to the ignominious level to which their infamous conduct should reduce them. We would not be unjust in this matter, but really we never can see ladies of quality allowing themselves under any circumstances, in the company of men whose chastity is suspected, without having our own fears that all is not innocent on their own side. A woman, as well as a man, should be known by the company she keeps.

CONTENT.

"Charity envieth not."—ST. PAUL.

The country Miss who is obliged to form and preserve an acquaintance with the wash-tub and cooking utensils, may sometimes wish that the daughter of wealth might be compelled to exchange places with herself: that boy whose hands are busied with the shovel and hoe, may think that he who handles the yard stick behind a counter, and he whose hours are devoted to sports for "killing time" have a happier lot than his own; the stirring wife of the farmer is prone to wish that she, like the Squire's lady, could sit down in the parlor with a clean apron on as often and as long as she pleased; the farmer himself may look with a discontented eye on those who seem to get ahead with less hard work than comes in his own course.

But, good friends, young and old, male and female, yours is a condition abounding in as many solid comforts as any other. *Charity* will not envy, and why should you? This envy disquiets its possessor, it blisters the soul in which it burns. Avoid it and seek contentment with your lot. Seek for charity; she is the fruit most profitable for cultivation. Faith is the root, fixing itself and feeding in the soil of truth; hope is the heaven-aspiring blade—charity is the immortal fruit. With this ripened in your moral field, you are rich.—*New England Farmer*.

GRAMMATICAL.

"SAMMY," said a fond father to his son, who was just studying the English grammar, "our cat caught a rat in which case is the noun cat in this sentence?" "The *nominative*," replied Sammy. "Very good—very good, indeed—but the rat—is the rat in the nominative case, too." "Why no sir," hesitated Sammy, "the rat sir, is in—is in—yes sir, the rat is in"—"What?"—"Why, sir, he's in a *very bad case* indeed, sir?" "You're a smart boy, Sammy, you are—you may go down to the head."

ANECDOTE.—After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical person should be tapped. Upon hearing the decision of the doctors, a son of the sick man approached him and exclaimed—"Father! don't submit to the operation; for there was never any thing tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

An old lady at a religious meeting became very much concerned for her soul, and went about sighing and sobbing, and would not be comforted.

Upon being asked by the minister what the matter was, she replied, "That she could not pray in English, and she was much afraid the Lord couldn't understand Dutch."

TIMES of great calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—*Lacon*.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

C. C. H. West Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. M. Preston's Hollow, N. Y. \$1.00; G. D. W. Providence, R. I. \$1.00; J. G. Truxton, N. Y. \$1.00; C. T. Ann Arbor, Mich. \$1.00; Q. E. Chesterfield, Ms. \$1.00; C. H. Randolph, Vt. \$1.00; J. M. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$5.00; J. W. B. Wurtsboro', N. Y. \$1.00; C. F. Lanesboro', Pa. \$1.00; A. H. West Farms, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Calais, Me. \$3.00; S. S. Bainbridge, N. Y. \$1.00; L. A. B. Tariffville, Ct. \$1.00; J. A. C. Niles, Mich. \$1.00; M. J. Wendell Center, Ms. \$1.00; A. T. M. Homer, N. Y. \$1.00; C. A. R. Gouverneur, N. Y. \$1.00; P. N. D. Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Kingston, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. St. Johnsville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. B. Perryville, R. I. \$1.00; C. C. H. West Bloomfield, N. Y. \$2.00; H. D. Salisbury Centre, Ct. \$1.00; G. M. Crown Point, N. Y. \$1.00; T. A. West Camp, N. Y. \$1.00; T. C. Mount Hope, N. Y. \$1.00; S. F. & R. B. South Egremont, Ms. \$1.00; W. V. H. Rotterdam, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. H. Stone Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. Lyons, N. Y. \$1.00.

Notice to Subscribers.

POST MASTERS are authorized by the Post Master General, to send money for any person in a letter to pay the subscription for a paper, free of expense.

Married,

In this city, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Samuel Anable to Miss Phebe Badgley, all of this city.

In Hillsdale, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. T. Truesdell, Mr. John Ostrom to Miss Lavina Williams, daughter of Peter C. Williams, all of the same place.

At Claverack, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. R. Shuyter, Mr. Lorenzo Holmes to Miss Alida Bortle, both of Hudson.

At Albany, on the 2d inst. Mr. Sidney E. Morse, senior editor of the New-York Observer, to Miss Catharine, eldest daughter of the late Gilbert R. Livingston, D. D. of Philadelphia.

At Oriskany, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pettibone, Mr. David T. Bradley, of West Troy, to Miss Catharine D. Burlison, of the former place.

Died,

At Washington, on the 4th inst. WILLIAM H. HARRISON, President of the United States, aged 68 years. The whole nation mourn their great and heartfelt loss.

In this city, on the 30th ult. Mrs. Love Coffin, in the 74th year of her age. Having been left alone in her room for a few minutes, her clothes by some means took fire, and before her cries created alarm, and help arrived, she was so burned as to die in a few seconds. Mrs. Coffin was a lady highly esteemed, and her terrible death has produced an excited feeling of sympathy for the sufferer and her immediate relatives, that will not soon be erased from the memory of the citizens of Hudson.—*Gazette*.

On the 2d inst. Mr. Wynant Cranell, in his 45th year.

On the 23d ult. the body of a man supposed to be Mr. Reuben Hauver, of Copake, was found drowned in the river, aged about 26 years.

At Claverack, on the 26th ult. Mr. Jeremiah Miller, in the 29th year of his age.

At Ghent, on the 21st ult. of Consumption, Mr. Henry Coleman, aged about 20 years.

In Ghent, at the County House, on the 23d of February last, Mr. Joseph Allen.

At the same place, March 2d, Huldah Baker.

At the same place, March 14th, Sally Miner.

At the same place, March 18th, Mr. Nathaniel Miner.

At the same place, March 19th, Mr. John Shufelt.

At the same place, March 21st, Mr. Jacob Row.

At the same place, March 21st, Polley Mictel.

At the same place, March 25th, Mr. Jacob Smith.

At the same place, March 30th, Mr. James Gabralo.

At Albany, on the 31st ult. Susan C. wife of Mr. William Cooper, and daughter of James Vanderpoel, Esq.

In New-York, on the 31st ult. Herman Leroy, Esq. aged 84 years.

In New-York, on the 31st ult. at the residence of his son, Mr. Roswell Beber, aged 64 years.

In New-York, suddenly, on the 26th ult. Martha, wife of Mr. Russel Glazier, in the 35th year of her age.

Her remains were brought to the house of her brother, Mr. Joseph M. Browning, of this city, from whence her funeral was attended on March 28th, and her body now rests in the Friends' burying ground.—*Com*.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE TEMPTER.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

WHEN hopes are the fairest, the tempter is near,
He comes like the gay clouds that herald a storm;
Bearing gifts on its wing
For the dreams of the heart;
But a deadliest sting
To the innermost part,
And the soul e'er it dreams of suspicion, or fear,
Is wrapt in the death folds that circle its form.
He gives you a flower that he plucked from the grave,
Whose tenant his hand laid in ruin beneath;
Oh touch not the rose
Nor inhale with your breath,
The odor that flows
From the blossom of death;
Though brightly the garland before you may wave,
There is poison, and blight, in each leaf of its wreath.
Beware of the tempter! he hovers around,
With a smile in his eye, and a blight on his breath;
Oh trust not the smile!
There is ruin behind;
He fawns to beguile,
He beguiles you to bind!
And the heart, or the soul, which the tempter has bound,
Is bound to destruction, and hurried to death.
Fort Ann, N. Y. March, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

LAMENT FOR OSCEOLA.

BY A. W. HOLDEN.

HARK! high on the breeze swells a low mournful tone,
That comes to the ear, like the soul-stirring moan,
Of a nation, whose hearts are enshrined in the grave
Of Osceola, the warrior, the fearless and brave.
That heart which has longed for its wild liberty;
That arm which has struck in defence of the free;
That form that for freedom has oftentimes bled,
Will ne'er pulsate again—Osceola is dead.
His spirit has fled from the cold, chilling blight
Of oppression, and wrong, to the regions of light—
His soul has escaped to the hands of its God,
And the far "spirit land" which his fathers have trod.
He has gone from his home, from the land of his birth;
From his dark forest fastness, and desolate hearth:
And the scenes that he loved, and the forms he held dear,
He has left for another, and happier sphere.
He has gone from the caves, and the deep hidden spot,
In the "everglade's" swamps, and the wild mountain grot.
From the fen and morass, from the woodland and vale,
He has gone 'mid the Seminole's anguish and wail.
He has gone from his people, and left them to stand
'Mid the cruel encroachments, of tyranny's hand.
He has gone, but his memory still is entwined,
In an undying wreath, in each countryman's mind.

A Nation bends low for the loss of her son,
Who had fought for his country, and freedom had won;

But its day-star of gladness had scarce seen its dawn,

Ere it set in the grave, where its chieftain had gone.

Weep! weep for the fallen, a Nation has lost
Her saviour, and chieftain, her pride and her boast.

Weep, weep for the fallen, for low in the grave
Lies the head of the warrior, Osceola the brave.

Weep! weep for the fallen, aye, weep for the dead,
For the one whom oppression's laid low in his bed,
And let justice record every pitying tear,
That his countrymen shed, to his memory here.

Let his manes be at peace, and his funeral dirge
Be the loud swelling wind, and the wave mantling surge—

Let a chaplet of laurel, encircle the name
Of Osceola the brave, in the temple of Fame.

Glen's Falls, N. Y. 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

THE following thoughts were suggested by an engraving, representing a little girl, weeping in a church-yard, with a basket of flowers in her hand, which she had gathered beside a grave.

It is thy mother's grave, fair child,

Those tears a mournful story tell,

The eyes are dim that on thee smiled,

The heart is cold that loved thee well:

The oak's cool shade is o'er thy head,

The happy birds, are in the tree,

The summer flowers, are round thee spread,

But 'tis a mournful spot for thee.

Long years have passed, since last were pressed

To thine, her lips of chilling clay—

When she was passing to her rest,

Beneath the church-yard oak away.

Had'st thou forgot the parting hour?

Forgot her deep and fervent prayer,

Until the lowly church-yard flower

Recalled her love who slumbered there?

Fair child thou hast no mother now,

Thou hast not known thy loss before;

But she shall kiss thy youthful brow,

And smooth thy sunny curls no more.

May God watch o'er thee, youthful one,

And keep thy feet from every snare—

And take thee when thy work is done

Thy mother's joy, in heaven, to share.

M. E. W.

For the Rural Repository.

TO ———.

BY JOHN C. LOWRY, ESQ.

FAREWELL, dear girl, thy flashing eye,

Thy cheeks of roses' purest dye,

I now resign;

No more, at eve, thy voice shall swell

To bind me with its chainless spell

Of "love divine."

I must away, no powers can move

My eyes to gaze, and not to love

Thee once again—

But no, thy mild rose blush of joy,

Like some bright thought our dreams employ,

Soon ends in pain.

Adieu, false girl, my voice no more,

Shall echo as it did of yore,

With love's sweet spell:

Now thou art free—go spread thy wing

And to the passing zephyr sing,

Farewell, farewell.

Lancashire, Mass. March 18, 1841.

From the London "Forget Me Not," for 1841.

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY CHARLES SWAN.

Oh, time is sweet, when roses meet,
With spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them:
And sweet the mind, that still can find
A star in darkest weather,
But nought can be so sweet to see,
As old friends met together!

Those good old days, when youth was bold,
And Time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast time flew,
Or knowing, did not heed it—
Though gray each brow that meets us now,
For age brings wintry weather,
Yet nought can be so sweet to see,
As those old friends together!

The few long known, whom years have shown,
With hearts that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear
To soothe a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather,
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see
And meet old friends together!

For the Rural Repository.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

To the Young Students in Geography.

I AM composed of fifteen letters.

My 8 7 9 1 11 4 is a town in Illinois;

My 8 11 7 8 2 10 is a lake in Russia;

My 12 4 12 12 4 is a city in Beloochistan;

My 7 15 7 9 is the capital of a division in Africa;

My 8 9 12 13 10 11 is a city in South America;

My 8 7 4 1 5 is a river in the United States;

My 5 2 5 7 4 is a river in Europe;

My 1 4 8 4 is an island in the South Pacific Ocean;

My 5 4 10 10 4 is a city in Asia;

My 8 9 is a river in Europe;

My 4 2 3 9 14 4 is a town in Texas;

My 10 9 1 4 12 4 is a mountain in South America;

My 10 2 3 4 12 is a city in Asia;

My 8 4 1 11 10 is a town in the state of Maine;

My 10 11 5 5 4 is a town in Soudan;

My whole is a periodical published in the United States which in point of comprehensiveness and perspicuity of matter, regularity of arrangement, variety and selection of useful and interesting knowledge, stands unrivalled.

J. L. W.

N. B. The solution of this enigma will be given in the subsequent number.

A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN purchased a farm in the form of an equilateral triangle; the sides of which were eighty chains and ninety-seven one-hundredths. Required the cost at seventy-eight dollars and ninety-four cents per acre.

The answer will be given in the subsequent number.

J. L. W.

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